The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XXXV FEBRUARY, 1927 No. 8

Publication office Concord, N. H. Monthly, except August: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 16 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at Concord, N. H.
"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FROM HENRY DRUMMOND

KINDNESS

HAVE you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things—in *merely* doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy, in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world, and that is holiness; and it is not in our keeping; but what God *has* put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

* * *

HAPPINESS LIES IN GIVING

The most obvious lesson in Christ's teaching is that there is no happiness in having and getting anything, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong scent in pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving, and in serving others. He that would be great among you, said Christ, let him serve. He that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.

* * *

THE GENTLEMAN

Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he loved everything—the mouse, and the daisy, and all the things, great and small, that God had made. So with this simple passport he could mingle with any society, and enter courts and palaces from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr. You know the meaning of the word "gentleman." It means a gentle man—a man who does things gently, with love. And that is the whole art and mystery of it. The gentle man cannot in the nature of things do an ungentle, an ungentlemanly thing. The ungentle soul, the inconsiderate, unsympathetic nature, cannot do anything else. "Love doth not behave itself unseemly."

* * *

CHRIST'S SERENITY

Nothing ever for a moment broke the serenity of Christ's life on earth. Misfortune could not reach Him; He had no fortune. Food, raiment, money—fountain-heads of half the world's weariness—He simply did not care for; they played no part in His life; He "took no thought" for them. It was impossible to affect Him by lowering His reputation. He had already made Himself of no reputation. He was dumb before insult. When He was reviled He reviled not again. In fact, there was nothing that the world could do to Him that could ruffle the surface of His spirit.

* * *

REGENERATION

A few raw, unspiritual, uninspiring men were admitted to the inner circle of His friendship. The change began at once. Day by day we can almost see the first disciples grow. First there steals over them the faintest possible adumbration of His character, and occasionally, very occasionally, they do a thing or say a thing that they could not have done or said had they not been living there. Slowly the spell of His life deepens. Reach after reach of their nature is overtaken, thawed, subjugated, sanctified. Their manners soften, their words become more gentle, their conduct more unselfish. As swallows who have found a summer, as frozen buds the spring, their starved humanity bursts into a fuller life. They do not know how it is, but they are different men. One day they find themselves like their Master, going about and doing good. To themselves it is unaccountable, but they cannot do otherwise. They were not told to do it; it came

to them to do it. But the people who watch them know well how to account for it—"They have been," they whisper, "with Jesus." Already, even, the mark and seal of His character is upon them—"They have been with Jesus." Unparalleled phenomenon, that these poor fishermen should remind other men of Christ! Stupendous victory and mystery of regeneration, that mortal men should suggest to the world God!

* * *

Truth

He who loves will love Truth not less than men. He will rejoice in the Truth—rejoice not in what he has been taught to believe; not in this church's doctrine or in that; not in this *ism* or in that *ism;* but "in the Truth." He will accept only what is real; he will strive to get at facts; he will search for Truth with a humble and unbiassed mind, and cherish whatever he finds at any sacrifice.

* * *

The Whole Truth

I once heard of some blind men who were taken to see a menagerie. They had gone around the animals, and four of them were allowed to touch an elephant as they went past. They were discussing afterward what kind of a creature the elephant was. One man, who had touched its tail, said the elephant was like a rope. Another of the blind men, who had touched his hind limb, said, "No such thing! the elephant is like the trunk of a tree." Another, who had felt its sides, said, "That is all rubbish. An elephant is a thing like a wall." And the fourth, who had felt its ear, said that an elephant was like none of those things; it was like a leather bag. Now, men look at truth, at different bits of it, and they see different things, of course, and they are very apt to imagine that the thing which they have seen is the whole affair—the whole thing. In reality, we can only see a very little bit at a time; we must, I think, learn to believe that other men can see bits of truth as well as ourselves. Your views are just what you see with your own eyes; and my views are just what I see; and what I see depends on just where I stand, and what you see depends on just where you stand; and truth is very much bigger than an elephant, and we are very much blinder than any of those blind men as we come to look at it.

* * *

Voices

There is the voice of God and the voice of Nature. I cannot be wrong if I listen to them. Sometimes, when uncertain of a voice from its very loudness, we catch the missing syllable in the echo. In God and Nature we have Voice and Echo. When I hear both, I am assured. My sense of hearing does not betray me twice. I recognize the Voice in the Echo; the Echo make me certain of the Voice; I listen and I know.

* * *

The World's Problem

Christ saw that men took life painfully. T some it was a weariness, to others a failure, t many a tragedy, to all a struggle and a pain How to carry this burden of life had been th whole world's problem. It is still the whol world's problem. And here is Christ's solution "Carry it as I do. Take life as I take it. Loo at it from My point of view. Interpret it upo My principles. Take My yoke and learn of Me and you will find it easy. For My yoke is easy works easily, sits right upon the shoulders, an *therefore* My burden is light."

* * *

The Yoke of Christ

Did you ever stop to ask what a yoke is really for? Is it to be a burden to the animal which wears it? It is just the opposite. It is to mak its burden light. Attached to the oxen in an other way than by a yoke the plough would b intolerable. Worked by means of a yoke it i light. A yoke is not an instrument of torture it is an instrument of mercy. It is not a mali cious contrivance for making work hard: it is a gentle device to make hard labor light. It is no meant to give pain, but to save pain. And ye men speak of the yoke of Christ as if it were a slavery, and look upon those who wear it a objects of compassion.

* * *

Courtesy

Politeness has been defined as love in trifles Courtesy is said to be love in little things. An the one secret of politeness is to love. Lov *cannot* behave itself unseemly. You can put th most untutored persons into the highest society and if they have a reservoir of Love in thei hearts they will not behave themselves unseemly They simply cannot do it.

* * *

Books: Their Friendship

To fall in love with a good book is one of th greatest events that can befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to inspire and refine us, a new friend to b by our side always, who, when life grows narrow and weary, will take us into his wider and calme and higher world. Whether it be biography introducing us to some humble life made grea by duty done; or history, opening vistas into th movements and destinies of nations that hav passed away; or poetry, making music of all th common things around us, and filling the field

and the skies and the works of the city and the cottage with eternal meanings—whether it be these, or story-books, or religious books, or science, no one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better.

* * *

Christ's Influence

There is only one great character in the world that can really draw out all that is best in men. He is so far above all others in influencing men for good that He stands alone. That man was the founder of Christianity. To be a Christian man is to have that character for our ideal in life, to live under its influence, to do what He would wish us to do, to live the kind of life He would have lived in our house, and had He our day's routine to go through.

* * *

Christ's Secret

"Love is the fulfilling of the Law." It is the rule for fulfilling all rules, the new commandment for keeping all the old commandments, Christ's one secret of the Christian life.

JOY AND DUTY

"Joy is a Duty,"—so with golden lore
The Hebrew rabbis taught in days of yore,
And happy human hearts heard in their speech
Almost the highest wisdom man can reach.

But one bright peak still rises far above,
And there the Master stands whose name is Love,
Saying to those whom weary tasks employ:
"Life is divine when Duty is a Joy."

—*Henry VanDyke.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Born February 12, 1809)

What was Lincoln's mysterious power, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, reveals the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad grown to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers, no books; no chart, except his own untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always towards the destined land.

I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions—of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children, the earning of bread; the cumulative duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen.

I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him alone, among the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency.

The same being, from first to last; the little boy weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, not changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him forward.

And, last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country wrapped about him, and the world in mourning at his feet. Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance. . . . A thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells of his life and death.

—*Henry Watterson, in "Compromises of Life."*

THE WINDS OF LIFE

One ship drives east and another west,
With the self-same wind that blows.
It's the set of the sails, and not the gales,
Determines the way she goes.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate
As we voyage along through life;
It's the will of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm of the strife.

—*Selected.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. Henry R. Austin, 100 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send su a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When a one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Austin, saying that you *have* se it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our corr spondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ag Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven a not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, t name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarte 16 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazine

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their tur can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matte In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines we received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classic educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

REQUESTS

1. I would love to be a *Cheerful Letter* member, as I have a large family of five motherless boys, and would appreciate any good reading. Will give for reference, Rev. William Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C. J. F. Brooks, Tuckerdale, N. C.

2. Mrs. Lalie Sexton of Grassy Creek, N. C., R. 2, Box 103, writes to the *Cheerful Letter* asking for cheer for her three little boys, ages ten, eight and six, and the four-year-old daughter. Anything in the way of reading matter for the children or herself will be very much appreciated. She would also enjoy copies of the *Cheerful Letter*.

3. Mrs. Della Crist of Athens, Texas, R. 1, would enjoy any embroidery patterns and embroidery cotton the *Cheerful Letter* friends could send her.

4. I wish to send many thanks to you all for your kindness to me for all the things each one has sent. With many thanks, Bernice Mark, Ansonville, N. C., Box 264.

5. Mrs. Fannie E. Thompson, Unionville, Va would appreciate it if some *Cheerful Letter* frien would send her "Enoch Arden," and woul someone send her the *American* for 1927. H little girl would appreciate poetry and illustr tions for her poetry book. Reference, Rev. R. A Cooper, Gordonsville, Va.

6. Mrs. F. Iverson Murphy, Coolidge, Ga R. 2, Box 24, turns to her *Cheerful Letter* friend asking to be remembered with any kind of rea ing matter. Mrs. Murphy is an invalid, an reading is a source of sunshine in her life no She sends grateful thanks to all those who hav sent her reading in the past.

7. I want to thank the dear friends that hav sent us reading, as some of the parcels didn have any address on them. Thanking you i advance for anything we may receive, Mr Jestin Barker, Grassy Creek, N. C.

8. As I am a poor woman and live far fro church and school, I would enjoy reading som good magazine or book, and would love to hav some quilt pieces of any kind. Mrs. Blanch Dolinger, Tuckerdale, N. C.

9. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va., says: I am thanking all the friends for sending my little boy things, and who would be glad to remember him Christmas. I would be glad of a Bible. My mother would be glad for the friends to remember her daughter, who has been in a hospital for some time. She enjoys little packages, reading, or anything. Her address is, Mrs. Ella J. Nolen, Endicott, Va., Box 26.

10. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, I would love to be one of your members, as I live a long way from school and church and enjoy reading very much. Mrs. Lee M. Kilby, Rugby, Va.

11. I have heard of *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am the mother of nine children, six girls and three boys. I live a long ways from school and church. I would be glad to get some books and magazines. I would love to be a member of the *Cheerful Letter* Club. Mirtie Powers, Tuckerdale, N. C.

12. Miss Missouri Stone, Sanville, Va., is sixty-six years old, lame and almost a shut-in. She would be glad of any cheer and letters. She would like good reading, not novels, and anything to sew.

13. I have been told of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am a poor woman, a widow with seven small children. I live a long way from school and church. I would be glad to receive some papers and books of any kind to read that anyone would send to me, as I spend many lonely hours. I would gladly accept some quilt scraps. For reference, Rev. W. M. Brooks, R. 2, Whitetop, Va., Box 53. Many thanks. Mrs. Martha Baldwin, R. F. D. 2, Box 92, Grassy Creek, N. C.

14. Mrs. Millie Darnall of Whitetop, Va., a widow with three sons from eleven to fifteen years old, would appreciate any reading matter sent to her for her sons and herself. She would also like a correspondent.

15. I am a mother of eight children and have a hard time, so I would appreciate your kindness if you would remember me and my children in sending some good reading matter. For reference, Elder M. C. Powers, Lansing, N. C. Mrs. J. R. Adams, Lansing, N. C.

16. We are renters, and poor people. I am not strong; neither is my husband. We did not make any crop last year. I would be glad of magazines. Will some of the kind members send me some? For reference, Rev. Avery Powers, Grassy Creek, N. C., R. F. D. 2, Box 4. Mrs. Mattie Pogh, Lansing, N. C.

17. I am an old member of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, and receive the *Cheerful Letter* each month, which I enjoy very much, and I come now asking for reading. A few quilt pieces would be much appreciated. We are far from any church or town, and my health is very poor. I can't get out much, and the winter days seem very long and lonely. My little boy, aged seven years, would be delighted to receive a picture book. Mrs. M. H. Coleman, R. F. D. 1, Critz, Va.

18. I want to thank all of the *Cheerful Letter* friends who have remembered me in the past, and hope they will not forget me. I would be glad to receive good reading matter, also quilt pieces. Please print this for me. Your friend, Mrs. J. C. Blackburn, Crumpler, N. C.

19. I am the mother of seven children, three boys and four girls. We are very poor, and I would be very glad to have some good reading for them and myself. I am not able to send my children to school and Sunday school as I would like. Amanda Gambill, Lansing, N. C.

20. I would be glad of some patchwork and magazines. I live far off in the mountains and I get awfully lonesome. I love to read magazines, but I am not able to buy them. Anything sent to us would be more than appreciated. For reference, Mr. Avery Lesterman, Bina, N. C. As ever, Miss Minnie Jones, Treetop, N. C.

21. I am asking for "sunshine and cheer" for a girl friend of mine who has been an invalid for about two years. She is Miss Ola Rhodes, Route 1, Lawsonville, N. C. She is twelve or fourteen years of age, and has tuberculosis of the bone. She could not walk for a long time, and has had to stay in a cement stock for about twelve months. Her father has been dead for several years, leaving the wife and three children. This girl has but one brother, who is only a little older than she and who is their main dependence for a living. They are nice and smart. Ola would greatly appreciate any kind of cheer, good books, magazines, or anything to cheer her, as she gets so lonely. Quilt scraps or bits of embroidery thread would be greatly appreciated. Please help her. For reference I give Rev. Linsley Gilbert, R. F. D., Stuart, Va. Mrs. Ruffin Sheppard.

22. I am a little girl six years old, and live a long ways from school. It is so far I can't go in bad weather. I get lonesome when I have to stay at home. I will be pleased to get bits of ribbon and scraps for my dolls. My little brother is two years old. Will someone please send picture books and cards for him? Dovie and Ethel Hall, Box 28, Elamsville, Va.

23. I am thankful for all I have received in the past, and would appreciate it if some dear friends would send cheer for my crippled husband and three boys, aged twelve, nine, six, and one girl, four. I hope I am not asking too much. Mrs. H. L. Collins, Draper, N. C., Box 157.

24. I wish to thank all who have sent me magazines and books in the past. I would be glad of cards or anything that would be a pleasure to my little girl, Kathleen, aged five years. I would be pleased to receive any reading for the winter. Mrs. Owen Watson, Leo, Cooke Co., Texas.

25. I wish to thank all for the good reading sent me. It has brought me much joy. I would highly appreciate some quilt scraps to work on this winter, also a picture book for my little boy. Thanks again for past favors. I hope to be remembered this winter. Your friend, Mrs. Coleman Neaves, Crumpler, N. C.

OFFER

The First Parish, Cambridge, Mass., offers the following books: (Apply to Mrs. Bronson Crothers, 12 Francis Ave., Cambridge, Mass.)

Highways and Byways of New England, by Clifton Johnson.
Endymion, by Benjamin Disraeli.
Life and Times of Wendell Phillips.
The Easiest Way in Housekeeping and Cooking, by Helen Campbell.
Selections from Robert Browning.
John Brown, by William Holst.
Little Ships, by Kathleen Norris.
Shadow Shapes, by Elizabeth Shipley Sergeant.
Jericho Sands, by Mary Borden.
Poems of Love and Childhood, by Jean Ingelow.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Miss Jenny Billingsley from Lignum, Va., to King George, Va.

Mrs. C. W. (or Hilda) Rose from Hayden Lake, Idaho, to Fort Vermillion, Alberta.

Mrs. Fred Thomas from Peachland, N. C., to Jefferson, S. C.

Mrs. M. J. Simmons from Athens to Mallakoff, Texas.

NOTICE: *No* attention will be paid to applications written in lead pencil, unsigned applications, or those without a reference.

MATINS

FLOWERS rejoice when night is done,
Lift their heads to greet the sun;
Sweetest looks and odours raise,
In a silent hymn of praise.

So my heart would turn away
From the darkness to the day;
Lying open in God's sight
Like a flower in the light.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

Do you know what fairy palaces you ma build of good thoughts?—*John Ruskin.*

ORIGIN OF THE VALENTINE

THE origin of the Valentine is suggested by a extract from a catalogue of Early American Va entines from the collection of Mrs. Emma H Hodge, installed in the Children's Museum in th Chicago Art Institute. "I have by me a ver old book which has the following account c Valentinus (an Italian youth) being confined a Rome on account of his religion (Christian) an committed to the care of a man whose daughte was blind, whom Valentinus restored to sigh and from that time on the girl became enamore of him, nor did he treat her affection with con tempt. But after a long imprisonment he wa ordered for public execution on February 14 While in prison, being deprived of books, he use to amuse himself with cutting curious devices i paper, on one of which he wrote some pious ex hortations and assurances of love and sent to th keeper's daughter on the morning of the execu tion and being concluded in the words, 'you Valentine,' there is great reason for supposing that to be the origin of the present custom."

FROM "THE BELLS"

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody fores tells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

—*Edgar Allen Poe.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Receipts

Steamed Brown Bread.—Two cups yellow meal, 2 cups flour, 2 cups milk (sweet or sour milk may be used, or, if desired, 1 cup milk and 1 cup water), ½ cup molasses (good measure), 2 level teaspoons soda, salt. Steam 3 hours, or 2 hours for half the quantity. Good.

Cheese Fondu.—One cup cracker crumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 cup chopped or grated cheese, 2 eggs beaten separately, very light. Season to taste with salt, pepper and mustard. Beat all well together and bake in buttered dish for 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. Try it!

Sponge Cake.—Four eggs, beat yolks and whites separately, the latter until stiff. Add to the whites 1 cup sugar; to the yolks 1 teaspoon vinegar. Put whites and yolks together. Add 1 cup sifted flour, with salt. Bake in moderate oven. This never fails.

Lightning Cake.—Put 1¼ cups sifted pastry flour in sieve in a mixing bowl, 1 cup sugar, 1 large teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt. Sift all together thoroughly. Melt ⅓ cup butter in a cup, break in 2 eggs, fill up cup with milk and pour into dry mixture. Flavor. Beat all together well. Bake in two Washington pie tins. Put layer of jam or jelly between, and frosting or powdered sugar on top.

Handy Hints

When sending stamps for return postage, attach them by a small spot in the center, leaving the glue around the edge untouched.

To remove the odor of fresh paint, put a few slices of onion in a pail or basin of cold water and leave it in the newly painted room a few hours, closing room tight.

To prevent a door from creaking, rub a little soap or vaseline on the hinges. If a door sticks, rub a bar of soap over the edges.

To drive a nail or screw through wood without splitting it, first push the nail or screw through hard soap, or dip it in melted paraffin.

Moths will not attack fur if plentifully sprinkled with pepper or tobacco, which leaves no unpleasant odor, and can easily be shaken out before wearing. A few whole cloves added will also help.

To remove grease or mud spots from rugs, rub cornstarch into the nap and leave for two days; then brush out.

To remove scratches from furniture use equal quantities of best salad oil and vinegar; mix and bottle; shake well before using. Use a small pad of soft rag, dip it in the mixture and rub well in the wood until the scratches disappear. Use iodine for scratches on walnut or mahogany.

If a handful of common salt is added to the rinsing water, clothes hung to dry in frosty weather will not freeze.

THE FRONT-DOOR AND THE SIDE-DOOR

Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted, with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an anteroom, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim—"The Lord have mercy on your soul."

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes (Abridged).*

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

—*Whittier.*

So long as God has anything for us to do in the world He will take care of us and deliver us from danger. We may lay aside all anxiety and fear. We may rejoice in the stream of inward peace which makes glad the city of God. We may go forth to our labors and our conflicts with good courage and a cheerful heart. Be sure that nothing can harm you while you are with Him.—*Henry VanDyke.*

HEALTH TALK No. 4

Our Teeth

A shocking proportion of Americans have decayed teeth; Italian and Russian immigrants have much healthier teeth. Why are ours so bad? For one thing, because we abuse them. Instead of using our teeth as a chewing machine, as nature intended, we let them loaf. For cereal we choose a kind which requires no chewing, or one which we can soak with milk so that it will slide down slickly. If we eat dry toast, do we chew it? We wash it down with our coffee. What chance have the teeth with a breakfast like that? And so, on through the day, and day after day, our teeth haven't a fair chance for work or exercise.

The draft showed that one fifth of our young men in Massachusetts had defective teeth. Four per cent were actually rejected for military service, just because of bad teeth. And the children are following the same way. Even in Boston 40 per cent of the children in the graded schools need dental care; and in the rural communities over 90 per cent.

People can "chew the rag" with bad teeth, but it takes good teeth to chew good food as it deserves to be chewed. One can be what one *chews* to be. That's as old as it's cheap, almost; but there's truth in it. Now chewing isn't even comfortable if your teeth are full of cavities. Have them filled, no matter how small the cavities may seem. A filling in time saves grinding, and false teeth, at last. A tooth in the jaw is worth ten in a plate. A tooth lost is a tooth lost. Put what you will in its place—the tooth is gone.

Nature protects the teeth with the hardest substance in the body. Teeth ought to last a life-time. But even nature isn't fool proof. Nothing is. What's to be done about it? Take care of them.

How many of us really give the inside of the face as much care as the outside? Men shave daily; both men and women wash their faces. Does the inside of the face really need less care? Food left between the teeth causes decay, and offensive breath. After using the teeth for food, then, brush them. Remember: the early brush catches the first germ. And get after 'em at night, whatever you do. The greatest amount of decay occurs at night, when the mouth is quiet. The best tooth paste is elbow grease, vigorously applied via a medium tooth-brush. Scrubbing the surface of the teeth—the part that shows—isn't enough. The big idea is to get in between the teeth and in, up, out, down, with a good brush.

This means you! It means the kiddies too. Don't let their permanent teeth come out in a mouth full of decay. Care should begin when the first milk teeth appear; and care should continue while there is strength in the arm to brush them.

Proper brushing means less dentistry. But everyone should visit the dentist at least twice a year. You will have less work to be done; there will be less pain to it; it will cost you less; it will take less of your time. Pretty good interest for the time invested, isn't it? And speaking of dentists, choose a good one. Cheap dentistry is fearfully extravagant in the end! Above all, avoid the advertising, so-called "painless" dentist.

Food has much to do with tooth decay and with the tooth-building. Go easy on sweets. We average about one hundred pounds of sugar per person per year. Candy, cakes, jam, pastries, all the sweetmeats contribute to this. Other foods, tooth-building foods, should be much more emphasized, especially in the diet of growing children. All the natural foods are conducive to healthy bodies and mouths. Fresh vegetables, fresh fruits, eggs, whole grain cereals, and whole wheat bread are admirable for the teeth. Milk, which contains more lime than any other food, should be regarded as the necessity that it is, for children and for expectant mothers.

Napoleon once said, "An army marches on its stomach." True, the food we eat carries us a long way. But if we chew that food in a mouth full of decayed teeth, abscessed teeth, we are going to meet our Waterloo.

You may think you're fit as a fiddle, but if you neglect your teeth, abscesses can form at the roots without giving apparent trouble. These pus sacs spread and are poisonous. That poison, carried in the blood stream, may attack the heart, eyes, kidneys, joints.

Good teeth help keep us healthy. Bad teeth lead to disease; just how much disease we don't know, but probably at times to very serious disease. So if your teeth are good, keep them good. If they're bad, keep them from getting worse. And for mere decency's sake, let's give the rising generation better teeth than ours.—*From "Listen In," by Henry Copley Greene.*

"Please give me Mr. Dill's telephone number."

"Is the first letter 'B' as in Bill?"

"No, it's 'Dill' as in pickle."—*Telephone Review.*

The genial but absent-minded Dr. Blank thus introduced to a young clergyman a former parishioner of his, no longer young and extremely sensitive of the fact:

"My brother," said Dr. Blank, leading the lady forward, while his face beamed with genuine affection, "this is Miss Almeda Jennings, one of my old sheep."

AN AIRPLANE LEGEND

Some of the most thrilling results which have been brought to light in the deciphering of ancient manuscripts in the various libraries of Europe, Great Britain, and Ireland are those which contain romantic stories which indicate a foreshadowing of discoveries which we look upon as altogether the result of material developments pertaining to the present era.

One of the most curious of these is the tale of the appearance of an airplane, the account of which was written between the years 944 and 956 A.D., during the reign of an Irish King named Congalach. The authenticity of the date of the manuscript is beyond question, and the description is as follows:

Congalach reigned in Meath—and was evidently given to farming pursuits, for the story goes on to tell of his one day attending a fair at a place now called Telltown, on the Meath Blackwater, midway between the towns of Navan and Kells. While he was inspecting horses, for which that county is famous, a sound in the sky caused him, and all the people, to look up, and they beheld a large ship floating far above them. It appeared to be fully equipped with a numerous, and evidently intelligent crew. After a time, during which the people in the fair gazed in silent wonder at the phenomenon, the huge vessel gradually floated toward some clouds into which it entered, and the awe-struck crowds saw it no more. This same story is told with slight variations by the Norse documents, named Kongs Skuggio.

Yet another tale is told in one of these Irish legends, in which the writer prophesies that a time will come when carriages without horses will run through the streets of Jerusalem.

These stories are, of course, mere legends of imagination, but it is interesting to find them noted in documents of undoubted antiquity, and in local as well as in ancient runes and sagas; also that such shadows of the actualities of the twentieth century should have emanated from the thoughts of people in the tenth.

It would be interesting to understand the mental capacities, and the outlook of the persons who inspired such tales; and who thought them of sufficient importance to have them recorded on vellum.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

CAPE COD'S RUGS

Before sunset, having already seen the mackerel fleet returning into the bay, we left the seashore on the north of Provincetown, and made our way across the desert to the eastern extremity of the town. From the first high sandhill, covered with beachgrass and bushes to its top, on the edge of the desert, we overlooked the shrubby hill and swamp country which surrounds Provincetown on the north and protects it, in some measure, from the invading sand. Notwithstanding the universal barrenness, and the contiguity of the desert, I never saw an autumnal landscape so beautifully painted as this was. It was like the richest imaginable rug spread over an uneven surface; no damask nor velvet, nor Tyrian dye of stuffs, nor the work of any loom could ever match it.

There was the incredibly bright red of the huckleberry, and the reddish brown of the bayberry, mingled with the bright and living green of small pitch-pines, and also the duller green of the bayberry, boxberry, and plum, the yellowish green of the shrub-oaks, and the various golden and yellow and fawn-colored tints of the birch and maple and aspen—each making its own figure, and, in the midst, a few yellow sand-slides on the sides of the hills looked like the white floor seen through rents in the rug. Coming from the country as I did, and many autumnal woods as I had seen, this was perhaps the most novel and remarkable sight that I saw on the Cape. Probably the brightness of the tints was enhanced by contrast with the sand which surrounds this tract.

This was a part of the furniture of Cape Cod. We had for days walked up the long and bleak piazza which runs along her Atlantic side, then over the sanded floor of her halls, and now we were being introduced into her boudoir. The hundred white sails crowding round Long Point into Provincetown Harbor, seen over the painted hills in front, looked like toy ships upon a mantelshelf.

The peculiarity of this autumnal landscape consisted in the lowness and thickness of the shrubbery, no less than in the brightness of the tints. It was like a thick stuff of worsted or a fleece, and it looked as if a giant could take it up by the hem, or rather the tasseled fringe which trailed out on the sand, and shake it, though it needed not to be shaken. But no doubt the dust would fly in that case, for not a little had accumulated underneath it. Was it not such an autumnal landscape as this which suggested our high-colored rugs and carpets? Hereafter when I look upon a richer rug than usual, and study its figures, I shall think there are the huckleberry hills, and there the denser swamps of boxberry and blueberry; there the shrub-oak patches and the bayberries, there the maples and the birches and the pines.—*Thoreau, in "Cape Cod."*

It All Depends

"What is the rent of this room, including the use of the piano?"

"Well," suggested the landlady, "perhaps you'd be so good as to play me something first."
—*Calcutta Forward.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE RAIN-COAT

RUTH could hardly wait for school to be over. She was going, with her mother, to buy a rain-coat. She hoped it would be red. Louise and Jean and Annie all had red ones. She knew just the kind of one she wanted. She hoped she could have a cap, too. Some of the girls had them.

As she went down the school steps, she saw her mother coming down the street. She ran to meet her. "Where are we going, mother? To Owen's?"

Now Ruth loved to go to Owen's. You could buy 'most everything there. There were beautiful ribbons, the sweetest perfumes, candy and toys of all kinds. But today she didn't ask to look at anything, not even dolls. She was in a hurry to get to the rain-coat department.

There were blue rain-coats, green rain-coats, purple rain-coats, and red rain-coats. The red ones were the only kind Ruth liked, and at last one of them was her very own. It had a little strap around the neck which held it tight. The sleeves could be strapped, too, so the rain couldn't run up her arm. Best of all, there was a cunning little pointed cap which went with it.

Ruth hoped it would rain soon, so she could wear it.

The next morning she jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It wasn't raining, but the sky was covered with clouds.

"I think I ought to wear my rain-coat today, don't you, mother?" she asked.

"It might rain," her mother agreed.

So Ruth started for school with the shiny red coat strapped tightly around her neck and the cunning pointed cap on her head.

She didn't hurry very fast. She liked to wear her rain-coat, and when she got to school she'd have to take it off. But she got nearer and nearer to the school, until, at last, she was beside the playground, which was full of boys playing.

"Oh, see the funny red cap!" a boy shouted.

Ruth looked around. Where was the funny red cap? She couldn't see any. Could they mean hers? There was a whole group of boys looking and pointing at her and calling, "See the funny red cap."

They were laughing at her. She started to run. She felt she must get into school just as fast as she could. She fell down and skinned her knee, but she hardly felt the hurt, she wanted to get away from those boys so much. It was really only a moment, but to Ruth it seemed a long, long time before she got inside the schoolroom door—a poor little girl, crying and with a bloody knee.

The next day it really rained. Ruth's mother was so surprised when Ruth asked, "Do I have to wear my rain-coat today? Couldn't I take an umbrella, instead?"

How could Ruth get tired of her rain-coat so soon, she wondered.

"Why, of course, you can't go with an umbrella. This is just the kind of a day when you really need your rain-coat."

Ruth put it on very slowly, and very slowly she went down the walk, down the street and around the corner. Her mother watched her and wondered what could be the matter.

Ruth was thinking, "It's raining so hard, maybe the boys won't be on the playground."

She forgot she might see some on the way to school. As she turned the corner, there, just ahead, was the boy who started calling, "See the funny cap."

She couldn't go back home. If she crossed the street, he might see her. She walked along, slowly, very slowly, hoping he wouldn't turn around.

At the next corner more boys joined him. Ruth stepped back of a tree for a minute, and none of them saw her. At last the schoolhouse came in sight, and the nearer and nearer Ruth came to it, the safer and safer she felt.

At last the boys had only to cross the road. As they looked to see if an automobile was coming, one saw Ruth and remembered her. He gave a little laugh and called, "There's the girl with the funny cap." Ruth didn't wait to hear any more; she didn't wait to see if anything was coming; she darted across the road and into school.

The next morning it was still raining. Ruth thought she couldn't go to school and wear that rain-coat.

"I'm not going to wear it again. It's horrid," she told her mother.

"Why, Ruth," her mother said, "what can be the matter with it? It keeps you dry. It's just the color you like and it's so pretty."

"The boys all laugh at me. They shout, 'See the funny cap' every time they see me."

Ruth's mother looked sorry. She took her little daughter on her lap and hugged her tight. She knew one of the hardest things in the world is to be laughed at. "What do you do when they laugh?" she asked.

"I run," and Ruth sat right up. "That's why I fell and hurt my knee. I was trying to run so fast."

"I'm afraid they like to see you run. Some boys love to tease. Just as long as they know you'll run, they will tease you. If it isn't about your cap, it will be something else. There is

only one way to stop them. Laugh with them and don't run."

"Now remember, dear," her mother cautioned, as Ruth started for school. "Just as soon as a boy calls, 'See the funny cap,' pull the point straight up in the air and laugh. Then make your feet go 'Left, right,' v-e-r-y slowly. Don't let them run a single step. The boys will find it isn't funny at all."

How Ruth's heart beat as she turned the corner! Something seemed to make it hard for her to breathe. There were the boys. She wanted to run. Could she make her feet mind?

"Here comes the funny cap."

Oh, dear, they had seen her! She seemed to hear her mother talking to her. Up shot her hand, pulled the point straight in the air, and a funny little grin came on her face. She was glad she didn't have to say anything. She might have cried. Then she put her feet down hard, left, right, to keep them from running.

The boys waited. Why didn't she run? As she came up beside them, they tried once more. "Hello, funny cap!"

Again she pulled the point up, grinned and walked on, left, right, very slowly, way up to the school door.

The boys thought it wasn't any fun calling at her, when she wouldn't be teased. They forgot all about her, and once more she loved to go to school.—*By Mabel B. Hopkins, in "The Mayflower."*

A HOME SONG

I READ within a poet's book
A word that starred the page:
"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find, where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home sweet home:
For there the heart can rest.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

NIGHT AND DAY

LYING to the far north, there is a great country much favored of the gods. Balder, the Beautiful, the best loved son of Odin, the great Alfader of the Northland, never closes his eyes against its shining fields of ice and snow, even at midnight sending his bright beams to remind the inhabitants of his love and care.

Among the progeny of the gods was Delling, or Dawn, glad of heart and beauteous of face and form. There, too, was Nott, or Night, with starry eyes holding in their luminous depths such soft splendors as never elsewhere seen; Night, whose noiseless, trailing garments dropped lovely violet-tinted shadows where'er she passed; Night, whose musk-scented hair and odorous breath cast a tender spell upon all living creatures, lulling them gently to sleep. And Dawn wedded Night, and their son was Day, a child so light of heart, so brightly beauteous, that men gazing upon him even likened him to Balder.

These two, Night and Day, were loved by all men and by all the Northland deities. Even to Odin, was the mysterious Night dear; and dear, too, was Day, her marvelously beautiful son. And these two he set high in the heavens, giving to each a costly chariot; to each, also, a wondrous steed that they might, in turn, drive quite around the world. But never might the two speed their fleet coursers at the same time.

Day's chariot is of burnished gold, and resplendent with countless precious gems, which leave a gleaming trail of rainbow hues in its wake as the chariot flashes quickly past. His steed is called Skinfaxi, meaning "the shining-maned"; for his long, flowing mane sheds rays of dazzling, golden light over all the earth and all the heaven, as the glad-hearted, bright-faced Day drives him across the sky and around the world. Night's steed is called Hrimfaxi, meaning "the rimy, or frost-maned." Her chariot is less showy but no less beautiful than that of her son, being of azure, thickly studded with myriads of bright stars. Stars, too, gleam from her dark, floating tresses and from her trailing misty robes.

Day, true son of Dawn, mounts his shining chariot in the early morning twilight, and, drawn by his noble Skinfaxi, gaily takes his way around the earth. Never pauses he for rest or for food until warned by musky scents and by softly-flung violet shadows that he must yield the course to the noiseless azure car of his beautiful starry-eyed mother.

Slowly Night mounts her star-gemmed chariot, and softly draws the reins over faithful Hrimfaxi, the frosty-maned. Then gently they take their way around the world, leaving the earth—when the morning twilight ends their race—lightly covered with a white rime, like a thin crust of powdered diamonds, but in reality, the white frost flung from Hrimfaxi's mane during the long, silent hours of their journey. And thus Day and Night drive their beautiful chariots alternately across the sky.

Such is the story of heaven-born Day and no less heaven-born Night. Having its origin before the dawn of history, it has been handed down through the vanished ages to the present time from the far-off shining Northland, beloved of all the gods, and to Balder most dear.—*Selected.*

FROM "THE POET"

LET me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young;
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,
But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway something sings.
'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things,
There alway, alway something sings.
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE TWO PACKS

THERE is an oriental legend that every m
carries two packs, one in front, the other behi
and each pack is full of faults. The one in fr
holds the faults of others, and is always in dir
range of the man's eyes. The other pack ho
his own faults, and is so strapped upon his b
that it is impossible for him to see it; hence,
often forgets its very existence.—*Selected.*

OTHERS shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail or win.
What matter I or they,
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said
And life the sweeter made?
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

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